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THE

WHITE KNIGHT,

OR THE

MONASTERY OF MORNE.

A ROMANCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By THEODORE MELVILLE, Esq.

"Round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then, too, they say, through all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted wretch." *Thomson.*

VOL. II.

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THE

WHITE KNIGHT.

CHAP. I.

——— " Each moment plays
Its little weapon in the narrow sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss." *Young.*

At Glanville Castle all was gloom and discontent; the absence of their beloved Allan had spread a shade of " sober sadness " over the whole family; most expressively depicted in the countenance of every domestic, to whom he

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was endeared by the easy and familiar affability of his manners, as well as the liberality of his disposition, the effects of which each had experienced in a greater or lesser degree, according to their respective merits, and the extent of his ability; but to none was his expulsion the cause of such concern as to the gentle and tender bosom of Ella, who easily perceived that her father's allusions were directed to herself; she therefore was a prey to the bitter reflection, that she was the cause of having an amiable and beloved youth exposed to all the difficulties he should have to encounter in an unfeeling world, unfriended and without resources; together with those wounds which a feeling breast must receive from the defection of a long established friendship, and an exile

exile from those scenes endeared to it by all the fond partiality of juvenile attachment: but on the head of Tyrone fell the whole weight of her suspicions and detestation; she well remembered the tournament and regatta; and his odious proposals for her hand confirmed her in the opinion, that he was the vile calumniator of Allan, and that his offered vows were more the effects of revenge than of love; which made him triumph in an outrage on every tender and noble feeling of the heart.

Carbery was possessed of similar sentiments; and though a struggle between pride and friendship had taken place in his breast, on his first discovering the attachment which existed between his sister and his friend; for Allan was an

obscure peasant, selected from the rural throng by his juvenile partiality ; and though he was convinced that such a connexion would be considered as a disgrace, yet did he resolve to stem the torrent of prejudice, and sacrifice the opinion of the world, and his own pride, to the happiness of two so dear to him ; but much more was he confirmed in this determination by the events which had recently occurred, as he shuddered at the idea of committing a sister, on whom he doated, to the protection of a man whose insinuating manners and agreeable person were incapable of concealing the rank malevolence of his heart.

The cottage of old Randal was a scene of despair; the good cottagers could not bear

bear up against such an assault of affliction as the loss of their adored Allan; they could not but blame, though they knew the motive which induced him to depart without taking leave of them, whilst Carbery, with kind solicitude, endeavoured to soothe their sorrows and cheer them with the hope of his return. 'Twas fruitless all; in a few days the broken-hearted Rebecca was attended by the village throng, with unaffected grief, to that sacred spot where the green sward lay in many a heaving mound over the departed inhabitants of the surrounding hamlets. Old Randal, now desolate, seemed to look only to the grave as a refuge from his woes; the pride of his heart, his adored Allan, was driven an outcast from the scenes of his happy infancy, and doomed, per-

haps, at that moment, to seek for sustenance in the wild products of nature, or meet with the surly repulse of some unfeeling stranger. The faithful partner of many a happy year was now numbered with those of "other times," and nought remained for him but the tranquil expectation of death as a balm for his wounded mind; yet when the generous Carbery would represent the probability of his again beholding his beloved Allan, he would endeavour to shake off the weight which depressed him, and flatter himself with the fond hope that such a blessing was reserved for him, he would then depart in peace—'twas all he had now to wish for.

Carbery was now a constant visitor at the cottage, and exerted every soothing art

art which sympathy and a veneration for the father of his friend could inspire him with: the Castle was indeed grown tedious to him; his father seemed sullen and discontented; Ella wore a settled grief in her expressive though altered countenance, while Tyrone met his eyes only to create disgust, nay, abhorrence! The only moment of melancholy tranquillity which he enjoyed, was when sitting with the venerable cottager, and, by joining in his complaints, and comforting him alternately, he unburthened his own breast of a load that lay heavy on it. O you vain, you giddy, and unfeeling of this world! how little can you form a remote conception of that luxury which a generous bosom can experience, in mingling a tear with the unfortunate, in allaying the convulsive

emotions of the heart, and by sympathy tranquilizing the harrowed feelings of a troubled spirit.

The arts and kind attentions of Carbery were not altogether ineffectual; the old man felt the force of his arguments and the benevolence of his intentions, and never failed to experience a degree of hope, or a diminution of pain, at his approach, or in his society. The awe which he would otherwise feel in the presence of the heir of Glanville, and his future lord, was softened down into a respectful affection; and the son of O'Calaghan was looked on only to be loved as the friend of his boy, and the inmate of the cottage.

Mean time, Glanville, inflated with the anticipating pride of a splendid alliance,

liance, dispatched an envoy to Ulster, communicating the honour which the Lord Tyrone had conferred on him, by proposing for his daughter, which he earnestly hoped would be sanctioned by the consent and approbation of the chieftain of Ulster. The envoy was received with due honours, and an answer returned equal to his most sanguine expectations: it was now considered at the Castle as a matter almost finally concluded, and a day not very remote was fixed for the solemnization of the nuptials, which was to be splendid beyond any thing on the records of the family; balls, tournaments, regattas, *et cetera*, were floating in the vain imagination of Glanville, who now assured himself, by such an alliance, of an ascendancy over all the neighbouring chieftains; little

did he consult the peace of his lovely daughter, on whose cheek the pallid lily reigned, and on whose altered countenance the chisel of care had already impressed the lineaments of despondency; indeed, the alteration in her whole frame would have pointed out to any one less blinded by a vain ambition than was Lord Glanville, that he was preparing a funeral, instead of an hymeneal torch, for his child.

To Carbery, who perceived the alteration in his sister, it was a source of preying solicitude; and he determined to exert force or stratagem to save her from a connexion which he perceived would render her for ever wretched: he, however, resolved to consult her, in the first instance, as to the state of her heart,

heart, and to be directed by the result of his inquiries:—his purpose was soon effected; he found his sister in a retired apartment, wan and dejected, whilst her harp faintly returned to her touch notes in unison with her melancholy mind. He seated himself by her side; and on her laying aside her harp, he took her hand and pressed it with fraternal tenderness.

"My dear Ella," said he, "I am come with the freedom of a brother and a friend, to ask you only two questions, which I expect to have answered with that ingenuous confidence which I have every reason to think myself entitled to from an only and beloved sister."

"Most certainly; my brother would not urge a question which may give me pain," replied the lovely girl with timid diffidence; "and painful would it be indeed to disappoint the confidence he expects from me."

"I believe," replied Carbery, "I can answer my own questions; and first I wish to know from your own lips, can you ever think favourably of Tyrone?"

Her whole frame was agitated; "What, my brother, are you come to plead for that detested fiend?"

"I am answered, though indirectly; the man who is a fiend in your estimation, shall never be forced on you as a husband."

"A thou-

"A thousand thanks, dear Carbery!" exclaimed the now differently agitated Ella; "O pardon my harsh conjecture; my brother is surely too generous; but how can you save me from my father's power?"

"That shall be my province—be you at ease on that head. But my second question, Ella: Is your heart so much attached to any person that you think it impossible to be happy with another?"

She cast her languid eyes upon the ground, and sighed.

"I am answered again," said Carbery: "he is perhaps a poor exile, without a home, driven from those he loved, and

and by whom he was beloved; may it not be so, my sister?"

She turned her face into his bosom, and wept.

"I shall not urge you any further on this point," said the delicate Carbery; "I am confirmed as to my conjectures respecting your heart; be comforted with the assurance of a brother's exertions in your favour."

He arose, gently pressed her hand, and left the apartment.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

——— " Your lost heart,
Seduc'd against itself, will search for reasons
To justify the guilt which gives it pain." *Hill.*

CARBERY was determined not to let his purpose cool; and with the subject warm at his heart, and fresh in his mind, retired to his study, and immediately wrote a line to Tyrone, requesting his attendance for a few moments. It was immediately complied with, and each being seated, the following conversation took place:

" My Lord," said Carbery, " I have taken the liberty of claiming your attention

tion to a subject of the utmost importance to both of us, and, as such, will of itself be an apology for any latitude of speech which, in the course of this conference, it may be necessary to make use of."

"I am confident," replied Tyrone, "that my Lord Carbery could not make use of any language which, in the smallest degree, would militate against the rules of politeness or the laws of hospitality; therefore, my Lord, proceed."

"The laws of true and false politeness are so unfortunately interwoven and blended," replied Carbery, "that I conceived it necessary to premise, that any extent to which necessary argument may

may carry me, should not be construed into a breach of those rules, which I could not intentionally violate; but to be brief, the subject includes your own happiness, as well as that of a beloved sister; and on such an occasion I wish to speak the plain language of truth, divested of all its superfluous ornaments."

"I am all attention," said Tyrone, with a bow.

"The honour you have conferred on our family, by a proposal for my sister, is, I assure you, considered with that respect and gratitude which it merits; nothing could be more gratifying to my wishes, or more flattering to my pride, than such an alliance, if——"

"What

"What *if*, my Lord?" exclaimed the impatient Tyrone.

"If," said the son of Glanville, "the happiness of the parties could be so easily secured as the other important advantages which may be derived from it; but I fear———"

"What do you fear?" again interrupted the Ultonian.

"I much fear that cannot be the case; in short, my Lord, your exalted rank and splendid expectations are such as entitle you to a more dignified alliance; but my sister is not ambitious, and I am well assured the splendor of a diadem could not attract her attention where her heart was not interested."

"I begin

"I begin to apprehend," said Tyrone, with a sneer, "that your preface was not unnecessary."

"Surely, my Lord, I have not trespassed on any of those rules you have just mentioned."

"Then speak to the purpose."

"Then I must request of your Lordship to be assured of the reluctance with which I inform you of my sister's wish to decline, while she thanks you for the honour you intended her."

"I thank you and her for the compliment," said Tyrone, with affected composure, "but I can easily perceive that

that the heir of Ulster is despised, insulted, and spurned at."

"I must beg leave to observe, that your conclusion is not a fair one; we respect and highly value the honour you intended us; but the policy of so important an alliance ought not to weigh against the happiness of my sister; and if you could but acquire an interest in her heart———"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the Ultonian, "an interest in her heart! Who consults the ridiculous whims of a girl on those occasions, or opposes such objections to an alliance of importance? Have I not her father's promise? To that promise will I bind him."

"Surely,

" Surely, my Lord, you would not avail yourself of so unjust a security; you would not gratify your own wishes at the expence of the peace and happiness of an innocent girl?"

" Let her consult her duty first, my Lord," said Tyrone, " she owes that to parental authority. I have not a doubt but I shall teach her the duty which she will owe to a husband afterwards; a woman's inclinations are as unsteady as the wind; what she dislikes to-day, it is probable she will like to-morrow."

" Permit me to assure you," said the son of Glanville, that you have formed a most erroneous opinion of my sister; she is not one of those capricious creatures you allude to; she consults her

sense as well as her heart, and is very capable of drawing just conclusions."

"I thank you again, my Lord!" said Tyrone, with half stifled resentment; "her conclusions are truly flattering to me, and you approve of them."

Carbery was a little confused at the sharpness of the remark, and barely observed, "that the most innocent expressions were too often tortured into a different acceptation."

"Mankind are not in general inclined to construe things to their own disadvantage; but, to put an end to this unpleasant conversation, I have her father's promise."

"But

"But can I suppose the Prince of Ulster capable of founding a claim on a principle which every feeling of the heart revolts at? True, the opinion of the world has given a sanction to parental authority; but the noble and generous mind would scorn to avail itself of a power so unjust and tyrannous, or accept of the reluctant hand of a fair and innocent victim, when, perhaps, her affections were irrevocably engaged, and her faith plighted to another."

"A very fine speech, my Lord! I wish I had your father's opinion of it; it is so wise, so polite, so dutiful—"

"It is the language of truth, my Lord," replied Carbery with warmth; "as to the policy, I disregard it; nor can

can that man have any just claim upon a woman's hand, who never consulted her heart, nor made the smallest effort to engage her affections."

"That would be a foolish and unnecessary trouble. Do you suppose I intend to make love like a plebeian, with vulgar declarations of affection? No, my Lord; it is sufficient for the heir of Ulster to declare his pleasure; besides, have I not the sanction of a father's choice, which, I must observe, you should be the first to forward into execution? I wish to lead your sister to the throne of an independent principality: you would give her to the arms of a peasant, justly an exile from this roof, which he has disgraced. I wish to preserve

preserve the honour of your house, and my reward is ingratitude."

"The honour of my family requires not your support," said Carbery, with unusual warmth; "and let me tell you, my Lord, that the peasant you so much despise has a heart rich in each ennobling virtue, and a mind impressed with every sentiment that can exalt or dignify the nature of man: true, he is humble as to rank in life, but a prince in talents, honour, and disposition; and I must further observe to your lordship, that my sister can never approve of the man that was instrumental in driving from this roof, to which he was an ornament, the friend of my bosom."

"And her adoring swain," said the haughty Ultonian, at the same time rising from his seat and darting out of the apartment.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!" *Young.*

WHILST those things occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Glanville Castle, the dejected Allan sat meditating in the monastery of Morne, and as yet his meditations led to no particular conclusion; he now entered the church, and sat inattentive to the service which was performing, wrapt in a deep reverie. The service was concluded, the monks retired, and the congregation withdrew, before he could perceive that he was left alone in the body of the church: here he, however, determined

to remain until the shades of evening would favour his retreat towards the sea-coast, in order to avail himself of the first opportunity of bidding a long adieu to that shore where he could never more hope to taste of happiness. In this mood hour succeeded hour, and resolve superseded resolve, until the heavy bell, with ponderous and solemn toll, proclaimed the hour of vespers. The cowled fraternity once more appeared; the chandeliers of silver were illuminated; and the harp, with solemn and impressive notes, cast a still deeper shade of melancholy on his dejected mind.

As he sat at no great distance from the altar, he had a full view of the officiating brotherhood; and in the intervals of prayer he perceived one of the monks

monks particularly devout; but when the solemn notes of praise were ascending, he appeared lost to this world, and to have his soul translated to realms beyond it. Though the mind of Allan was not in a mood for observation, yet the extraordinary fervor, or rather enthusiasm of the monk, attracted his attention: he gently crept still nearer to the altar; he heard his deep-fetched sighs; he observed his postures of supplication, while the lofty aisle resounded with the grievous pulsations of his breast. He approached still nearer, and at length reached the iron grating which enclosed the altar, and immediately behind the monk, who still continued his devotions with unceasing fervency: in this situation he remained until the service was over, and the congregation about to with-

draw. The monk having prostrated himself before an image of the Virgin, at length arose, and was turning with a solemn step from the altar, when he met with the inquisitive eye of the young stranger: he started with sudden surprise, uttered a shriek, and fell to the ground in a swoon. The monks immediately surrounded him with the utmost consternation and solicitude; and having conveyed him from the chapel, the congregation departed, and the monastery gates were closed.

Allan departed with the rest, but knew not which way to direct his steps; his mind dwelt incessantly on the monk, and the sudden effect his appearance had occasioned. Did the monk know him?

or

or why was he so much agitated on beholding him? were questions which he proposed to himself, but could not resolve: he then was inclined to imagine that he could not have any share in the strange accident which had occurred, and which he concluded to have proceeded from some natural infirmity, or, perhaps, from the weakness which the excessive rigour of his devotions must have occasioned. Pondering thus, he proceeded across the country, until the surrounding shades of darkness, and the chilling blasts which swept along the heath, recalled him to a sense of his desolate and forlorn situation, and forced him to meditate on some means of providing for the cravings of nature, which began to be truly importunate, or to obtain shelter from the approaching night,

which threatened to be bleak, dreary, and tempestuous. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "and must I to-night again intrude upon the fox or the badger, or shall I be even secure, in so lothsome a retreat, from the wretches who pursue me? O Ella! loveliest and best beloved of thy sex, could I but flatter myself with the sweet hope of being blest with thy charms, light would be my pilgrimage, and soft my pillow of stone, whilst fondly meditating on future bliss with the dear object of my most enthusiastic adoration. But, fallacious Fancy, why dost thou love to cheat me with thy fairy illusions? Even now, perhaps, the son of Ulster enjoys the reality of that bliss which I can only dream of: but those phantoms vanish, and here I am in the reality of wretchedness; an exile

from

from all that my heart holds valuable; cold, weary, and nearly famished; the sky my canopy; the glooms of night my tapestry; the damp bosom of earth my bed; whilst the hollow gust, and the ill-omened raven, form a discordant concert to lull me to a sort of repose where horrific visions will exercise all their torturing powers over my disordered imagination." With these words the outcast of Glanville flung himself on the earth's green couch in an agony of distress.

He had not long remained in this state, when the trampling of horses arrested his attention; and before he could determine on the means of avoiding them, he found himself surrounded by six men in masks, well armed, who im-

mediately alighted, made blindfold his eyes, bound him, and placed him behind one of the party on horseback. A sudden sort of stupefaction seized on the astonished mind of Allan, which rendered him perfectly passive, and almost indifferent to their proceedings. At length he recovered from his stupor, and entreated them in vain to inform him by whose authority he was thus seized upon, and whither they would carry him? His conductors heard him without the least emotion, whilst a sullen silence prevailed among them. After riding about an hour with considerable speed, they halted: he heard one of the party strike with ponderous force at a gate, whose heavy hinges, as they turned with discordant noise, convinced him that he was arrived at the place of

his

his destination. In an instant he was dismounted, and conducted, still blindfold, through a variety of intricate windings, until they reached to the distance, as seemed to him, of about five hundred paces, when they ascended a staircase of considerable height, and then descended a more numerous flight of steps on the opposite side; where having landed, they appeared to traverse many mazy circumvolutions, until they at length halted. A key was now applied, and he heard a crazy door move on its reluctant hinges: they entered, and immediately withdrew the bandage from his eyes; but he opened them only to look upon objects of horror: he found himself in a dungeon, feebly illuminated by the sickly light of a small taper, whilst the ruffians who surrounded

him seemed ready to execute a deed of blood. They secured him with heavy chains, whilst the unhappy youth exclaimed, "Good Heaven! whither does my cruel destiny pursue me; how lately have I repined, yes, impiously repined, at my desolate situation; yet I had then the fresh air of heaven to breathe, and the free use and exercise of my limbs." His scouling attendants at length withdrew, and left him to his melancholy meditations: the heavy door was closed; and the massy key, with its discordant noise, proclaimed his loss of liberty.

Allan flung himself on a bench of stone which projected from the side of his dungeon, and made the solitary echoes of the dreary vault reply to his unavailing complaints, as he thus exclaimed,

claimed, "Am I, who so late, so very late, was happy in the society of her I loved, in the invaluable possession of disinterested friendship, and the esteem of those I valued, thus reduced by so sudden a turn of fortune to this extreme of misery? Tyrone, thou hast obtained thy utmost wish; come hither, thou tyrant, and feast the dark malignity of thy soul with the sad and desolate condition of the persecuted Allan."

In this manner he spent some hours; nor did the agitation of his mind suffer him to form any conjecture as to the place of his confinement; he could only suppose it the work of the treacherous son of Ulster, and as such concluded his fate determined: "He will be here presently," said the injured youth; "he will

will direct the torments; yet there is a power superior to that of darkness, who can see through the glooms of guilt, and dart a stream of avenging light at the head of a *murderer.*" He now, for the first time, perceived a basket within his reach: he approached it; it contained some provisions; and, wretched as his condition was, the calls of nature could no longer be resisted; he ate with strange avidity of the sorry fare, whilst the fatigue which he had endured, in a little time brought on the only remedy which could give relief; and even on his bed of stone, that balmy comforter, Sleep, blessed him with a temporary oblivion of his misfortunes.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

" Adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal the sighing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!"

THE ringing of bells and clangor of trumpets proclaimed the arrival of the Prince of Thomond at the Castle of Desmond: fete succeeded fete, and entertainment superseded entertainment, until invention was nearly exhausted, and the genius of Luxury herself almost sated with variety. Great was the joy of Desmond, but greater was the despair

of

of the lovely Elinor; for now the time, the fatal time, drew nigh, which was to surrender her into the arms of a man in whom she had no interest, and which was to place an eternal barrier between her and the youth of her affections. In vain did she supplicate her father, in vain implore the aid of the antiquated Theresa; the former had his mind too much inflated with ideas of exalted alliance to pay her any attention, whilst the latter seemed solely influenced by a wish to see her niece secured from those dangers to which unthinking girls are so much exposed; but, in reality, was anxious for her removal from the castle, where she attracted those attentions which the silly creature imagined were due to her own perfections.

In such a dilemma, flight appeared to Elinor the only method of escaping the miseries which awaited her; nor could she determine in what manner to effect her purpose. If her resolution on that head was even finally formed, yet how could she, who had never wandered to any considerable distance from her father's estate, venture upon a world to which she was a stranger, unprotected and unknown? And then, to whom was she to apply for protection? Her heart whispered the name of him she loved; it was the suggestion of the moment, and virgin delicacy recoiled at it. What would a censorious world not say of her on such an occasion? The thought was therefore abandoned, whilst she fixed on Judith as the companion of her flight, disguised in the same attire

in

in which they went to see the fatal tournament; with her she determined to fly to some remote convent, until her father's resentment should abate, and every idea of her intended nuptials be abandoned. But, could she fly, and not have a parting interview with him she loved? Could she leave him, perhaps, in doubt of her affections? Her heart told her she could not; and after a long conflict between love and delicacy, the former triumphed.

To you, ye fair, who have experienced that passion which absorbs all others; which makes the coward brave, and converts the brave into a coward; which makes the timid bold, and the haughty humble; the dutiful disobedient, and the disobedient dutiful; that

equalizer

equalizer of ranks; that leveller of distinctions; that aristocrat; that democrat; that source of contradictions, yet reconciler of contradictions; to you, that have experienced the magical effects and varying emotions of that powerful Proteus, Love, I shall not apologize for the fair heroine of my narrative, when I inform you that the trusty Judith was dispatched to the amorous son of Glanville with the result of her deliberations.

The message was soon delivered; and the anxious Carbery chided the tardy moments which intervened between the time of its communication and the appointed hour. How restless were his motions; how oft did he not consult the dial, and curse the lagging steeds of Phœbus,

Phœbus, that seemed to loiter on their journey; then would he ascend the brow of a hill, and feast his eyes on the burnished spires of the Castle of Desmond, now shrinking from his sight, and now dimly seen, as the orb of light retired behind the broad back of Mount Hillary; it was then that the heir of O'Callaghan vaulted on one of his fleetest courses, and flew over the plain to the happy place of rendezvous. When yet at a considerable distance, he fancied he saw the fair form of his Elinor, and was forming apologies for his tardiness, when his arrival at the spot convinced him that his expectations had deceived his senses, for Elinor was not there.

The place of assignation was an old Gothic ruin, at the distance of about half

half a league from the Castle of Desmond. He flung himself at the foot of a venerable oak, whose thick and knotted roots had undermined the base of the tottering pile; he thought every second an age; nor did he once recollect that his ardour had hurried him a full hour before the appointed time.

The Sun's last lingering rays had now fringed the russet mantle of the western ridge of mountains; and Night, in the eastern horizon, was expanding her sable tapestry, whilst sober Meditation walked forth to tread those shades where Solitude, the nurse of virtue, dwells, remote from scenes of luxury and ostentation. The scene insensibly attracted the attention of the son of Glanville; the white flocks of Desmond were returning

to

to their folds, whilst the simple carol of the shepherd boy alone intruded on the stillness which prevailed, save when the beetle's drowsy hum, the murmurs of the distant stream, the tinkling of the sheep bells, and rustling of the bat-wing, formed a concert from Nature, which, in its effect on the mind, far excelled the powers of Art, and spread a happy state of tranquillization over the senses. Carbery felt and enjoyed the scene, until the castle bell awoke him from his reverie: he arose from his seat, and strained his sight, nor yet could he descry the dear object of his researches: at length he perceived two youths bend along the plain towards the spot where he awaited; at first he imagined they were spies sent to observe his actions, and was about to retire into the ruins, when he re-

cognized

cognized the well-known disguise, and, as they approached, distinguished their voices: he hastily advanced towards them; and, in an instant, Elinor found her throbbing bosom pressed to the heart of him she loved. "Dearest Elinor," he exclaimed, "am I once more permitted to behold you? Say, loveliest of women, are you come to render your Carbery the most happy of mankind, and to forsake those walls where, pardon the freedom of my speech, if you remain, you will become a sacrifice to ambition and despotism?"

"Alas!" said the timid Elinor, "I know not what course to take; duty and inclination are at war in my breast: was I but permitted to enjoy those dear retirements in which I have been bred,

without

without the offensive intrusion of a forced alliance, I should then be content, and my father would have no reason to regret the loss of a child that always loved and respected him: but my fate is at its crisis, and I shall fly from those scenes where misery awaits me; I shall fly—yet I know not whither."

"Whither, my Elinor, but where I shall conduct you," said the impatient Carbery; I shall place you in a sacred asylum, where you will be treated with every degree of tenderness and attention, till affairs take a turn more propitious to our interests; and I do not despair of such an event."

"That must not be," said Elinor, "though candour compels me to acknowledge

knowledge that you are dear to this heart, yet I must not despise the opinion of the world, nor forfeit your esteem as well as my own. Delicacy forbids the course you would have me pursue; and further, if it was known that you was instrumental in my flight, it would tend to increase and inflame the unhappy enmity which prevails between our respective parents. I have formed a design which I can execute with safety: The abbess of St. Hillary was the bosom friend of my mother; to her I shall fly for protection; mean time we must commit the final issue to an all-protecting Providence. If our parents are inflexible, I purpose to take the veil, and shall solace myself in my retirement with the hope of still possessing your esteem,

until we meet in that region where tyranny and disappointment are strangers."

"What a happy coincidence of thought," said Carbery; "I augur good from it; you purpose to go to that very sanctuary whither I wished to convey you. The abbess you speak of is a distant relation of mine; my sister has been educated under her care; and I am confident you will experience in her a tender friend and a determined protectress. As to those melancholy expressions which clouded the last sentiments of my Elinor, I trust a little reasoning and self-reflection will expel them from her mind; and that she will view objects through the enlivening medium of Hope, that promiser of future happiness."

Elinor

Elinor answered with a sigh.

At that moment the castle bell was rung as the signal for closing the gates: Elinor was alarmed, and hastily prepared to depart, but not until Carbery had extorted a promise from her, to meet at the same place on the ensuing evening, and that he might be permitted to attend her on her projected expedition: he then imprinted an impassioned kiss on her hand, and stood fixt in an attitude of admiration, until she faded from his view.

CHAP. V.

" ——————— the realms
Of hideous Night, where Fancy strays aghast."

After a repose of some hours, Allan awoke to a full sense of the wretchedness of his situation; he raised his head from his pillow of stone, and cast a despairing glance around his miserable dungeon, though he concluded from the length of time he had slept, that it was day; yet darkness and a solitary stillness prevented either his eyes or his ears from enjoying the sight or the sound of any object capable of giving him a ray of comfort. " Good Heaven," he exclaimed, " why am I thus entombed alive?

alive? for if simple confinement was only allotted me, I should surely be permitted to enjoy a small portion of the air or light of heaven: but this horrid abyss is impervious to either, and seems intended for those who are insensible of such a privation. Yes, it is the receptacle of the dead; and by a savage refinement in cruelty, I am compelled to linger out a wretched existence, until I become equally unconscious of my situation." But Allan was mistaken, for in a short time he heard the sound of approaching steps, and the door of his dungeon grating on its hinges, presented the scowling visage of one of his keepers to his view, bearing a taper in one hand and a small basket in the other; which having deposited, he cast a sullen look upon his prisoner, and was about to depart;

when Allan earnestly entreated him to inform him where he was, and by whose orders he was thus confined. He was answered by a significant shake of the head, and by putting his hand to his mouth, which convinced Allan that any attempt to extort information from so callous a wretch would be vain. He would therefore patiently await the hour of his dissolution, so confident was he that the light of the sun would never more shine upon him, and that he was only reserved for the malignant triumph of Tyrone, who, he expected, would soon arrive to be a spectator and director of his torments, (for to the son of Ulster alone he imputed his misfortunes.)

He now groped for the basket, which he found to contain his miserable morsel, a small

small loaf of mouldy bread, and a stone bottle full of water. He ate, however, with an appetite which convinced him, that the wants of man are easily satisfied, when necessity compells him to accept of the most humble fare. With this he contrasted the luxurious tables of the great, and the numerous train of diseases which lurk under their various and sumptuous covers: happy would he then esteem himself, if once more possessed of that first and most inestimable of blessings, Liberty, he could procure an humble subsistence, by the cultivation of some retired spot, and by the labours of the chase, if his beloved Ella would but design to sweeten the repast with content and approbation. "Presumptuous and silly man," he would then suddenly exclaim, "will your deluding imagination

thus deceive you even in the glooms of a dungeon, when you know not the moment that the assassin's dagger may not erase the beloved image of your Ella for ever from your breast? but come, sweet Hope! thou dear deceiver, come; I shall not reject thy kind officiousness, nor seek to efface thy fairy images of joy, never to be realized to this ill-fated bosom." What he had read in happier days now recurred to his recollection:

TO HOPE.

I.

Ah! who is she, whose form divine
Irradiates the dungeon's gloom;
And snatches from the yawning tomb
The wretch that madly would his life resign?
Ah! who is she, of visage bright,
That drives the fiend, Despair, to flight;
And with her smiles for ever gay,
Chears the drear Night, and points the orient Day?

II.

II.

Ah! who is she, whose cherub smile
Can chear the victim of Disease;
Can ev'ry kindred pang appease,
And ev'ry weary languid hour beguile?
Ah! who is she, whose accents mild
Can soothe the Maniac's ravings wild,
And to his phrenzied grasp bestow
An airy sceptre to delude his woe?

III.

Strech'd on the bed of death and woe,
In that abode where horror reigns,
Midst anguish'd groans and clancking chains,
Where sighs are heav'd and tears incessant flow—
Ah! who is she, whose magic power
Can cheer the convict's dreary hour,
And bid him raise his suppliant sight
Where Mercy sits enthron'd serenely bright?

IV.

'Tis she—sweet promiser of joy!
Rich in her ideal treasure;
Ever painting scenes of pleasure;
What dreams of bliss her happy thoughts employ!

Fair Hope—before thy cheering ray
Each ghastly spectre fades away;
And all the terrors of the storm
Evaporate before thy radiant form.

In this manner did the forlorn captive endeavour to beguile the dreary hours of confinement; and, as often as Despair appeared with the dagger or the bowl, so often would its balmy antidote present her celestial form.—On the one hand appeared to his imagination the heir of Ulster, smiling at his torments, and directing the ministers of death—On the other, Hope cheered him with a prospect of his chains broken by the hands of Friendship, and the lovely Ella herself the reward of his long sufferings. What trials would he not endure for so dear a recompence?—"Despair, avaunt! come, charming Ella, a remembrance of thy

smiles shall dispel the gloom which surrounds me; whilst that painter of delight, that cherub Hope, promises me thy arms as the harbour of repose—thy bosom as the haven of all my wishes!"

With such thoughts as these the hours seemed to be deprived of half their weariness, and the sound of a bell tolling on his ear convinced him that night was approaching, (for so the setting of the sun was usually announced;) he therefore soon expected a visit from his keeper before the hour of rest: he was not long in expectation: the hollow cloisters sounded with approaching steps, and his door, disengaged from all its ponderous securities, presented to his view the same keeper, with his basket and taper, the same scowling visage and

same mysterious silence. He deposited his burthen, took up the empty basket, and was about to depart, when Allan ran towards him as far as his chain would permit, and entreated him to answer a few questions respecting his wretched situation. He received an answer similar to that returned to his former interrogatories, signifying that he was enjoined secrecy; he however looked less ferociously on his prisoner, and had the goodness to leave him a light.

Allan expressed his acknowledgements for the favour, and the man retired with every precaution of his infernal occupation; the key was once more turned, and the chain and heavy bar applied.

Once more alone, the prisoner had leisure to observe the construction of his dungeon, which darkness had hitherto prevented him from doing. It was of much larger dimensions than he at first imagined; as there seemed a space at the further end of it, where the rays were exhausted, and he could see nothing distinctly. The roof was of arched stone-work, strongly cemented with bars of iron, which was further connected by a petrified incrustation of damp air, which seemed the work of ages. The walls were of stone fret-work, incrusted in a still greater degree with the crystalized matter, which oozing from the roof, and running down the sides, formed irregular rows of pillars, projecting in many places more than a foot from the walls of the apartment.

His

His couch was of solid stone, covered with the same petrified shell, from which projected a massive bar of iron, from a ring at the extremity of which ran a ponderous chain, terminating in a hoop of the same metal, which had the quality of expanding or contracting according to the dimensions of the unfortunate prisoner, and which was secured by secret springs: in this was the persecuted Allan confined; he had however the use of his hands, as any attempt to disengage himself from such an adamantine chain would be but the ineffectual effort of phrenzy.—The only aperture he could discover was the common door of entrance, which was composed of oak, covered with plates of iron, drove in by wedges of the same: the locks, bars, chains, &c. were on the outerside.

"Dreadful

"Dreadful situation!" said Allan, as he shrunk back with emotions of horror on his couch of stone; "darkness is to be preferred to light in this abode of misery; for it conceals those objects which serve to render the place still more loathsome and terrific. O Ella, most beloved of women! O Carbery, most generous of friends! ah, little do you know to what a depth of wretchedness your unhappy Allan is reduced! how lost—how irretrievably lost is his condition!"

Having thus given vent to his swoln breast by vain ejaculations, sleep at length, by imperceptible approaches, stole over his weary frame, and resigned him to the demon of dreams, who was not idle with his feverish imagination; for

he

he fancied that he was beneath the dagger of an assassin, when the figure in white armour suddenly appeared, the dagger fell from the murderer's hand, and he betook himself to flight. Here his dream had such an effect on him that he started from his flinty couch, and tumbled to the earth the full extent of his chain. He awoke to darkness and all the horrors of his dismal situation; for in his fall he had extinguished the light: he therefore crept back to his bench, and, shivering with cold, his mind still impressed with dreadful images of his dream, he began to reflect on the connection his recent vision had with that which formerly engaged his mind in the cave: he also recollected the story of the man in white armour, as related by his friend Carbery, who visited the

the castle of Glanville at the midnight hour, and particularly his chamber: and strange and improbable as the conceit appeared, he could not but imagine that something was involved in the mystery of the White Knight (as he was vulgarly called), in which he was highly interested, and which time only could elucidate. Yet how could he, an humble peasant, the son of one of Lord Glanville's vassals, be in any degree allied to such strange circumstances? it was all imagination, the effects of a distempered mind, and the hard sufferings he had experienced in so short a time: this was the most reasonable conclusion, and on this he rested.

The revolving of these matters in his mind occupied his attention for some dreary

dreary hours, until the noise of approaching steps were again heard; and the door once more ejecting a current of noxious air, presented the figure of his keeper, with his taper and basket as usual. Allan raised his eyes to him with an expression of despair, and again importuned him to inform him of the nature and cause of his situation; and to know the worst he had to expect. The fellow looked upon him for some moments with fixt attention; those eyes were now sunk, hollow and dejected, which lately were so replete with fire and vivacity: his cheeks, where the blushes of the morn were reflected by the mirror of health, were now pale and emaciated; and his whole countenance, which beamed with the noble glow of elevated sentiment, was assuming a squalid and cadaverous appearance, from anxiety, confinement, and the

the damp vapours of his subterraneous prison.

"Young man," said the fellow, with a hollow solemn voice, and air of circumspection, "you seek for information which cannot impart satisfaction or comfort; though secrecy is enjoined me, yet I will inform you that you are within the walls of the monastery of Morne."

"And this horrid dungeon?" said Allan—

"It is called the Chamber of Death."

Allan shuddered—

The keeper continued, "in this apartment those who are so unfortunate as to incur the jealousy or resentment of the

the holy brotherhood are usually confined, until their fate is finally determined: if death is to be their portion, they suffer here; but, if a milder fate awaits them, they are conducted blindfolded to the place of their destination, and left perhaps many miles beyond the seas, or sold into perpetual slavery: but few are so fortunate; I recollect but one that ever came out of this apartment."

"And how long have you been acquainted here?" said Allan, with an air of anxious inquisitiveness.

"Nineteen years, and it was in the first year of my employment that the circumstance occurred: there have been many prisoners since, but this place has proved fatal to all of them."

"This

"This is indeed the chamber of death," said Allan: "But pray, what occasions the foul stench which pervades this horrid place? does it proceed from the confinement of the air alone?"

"Partly from that," replied the keeper, "and partly from the dead bodies which lie at the further end of this apartment."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Allan, "and is this the tomb as well as the prison of the unfortunate?—am I in a charnel-house?"

"Yes," was the reply; "at the extremity of this room, which is much larger than you imagine, there are many skeletons, and some recent bodies that have been executed here."

"Say

"Say murdered," exclaimed Allan, in an agony of distress. "If I am to be a victim of this infernal society, let me perish at once, and not suffer so many deaths by lingering here."

"Be not impatient, young man," said the fellow sternly; "your time is not far off; the committee is now sitting on your fate, and perhaps to night"—He said no more, but taking up his empty basket and taper, departed; and, notwithstanding the earnest intreaties of the unfortunate captive, would not indulge him with a light, but left him in total darkness, now doubly impressed with the horrors of his situation. Shut up with the remains of the murdered, in the chamber of death, he shrunk at every clank of his chains, and fancied that the skeletons

skeletons were advancing from the extremity of his dungeon, to invite him to be a member of their dismal fraternity—a fresh victim of sacerdotal pride, jealousy, or revenge. But when those first emotions of horror subsided, and reason, with its collected powers, once more resumed its natural ascendancy in his mind, he began to reflect on the weakness of his terrors, and shrunk from his own inquiries as if ashamed of his conduct. "Alas!" said he, "how changed, how sadly changed am I, from that Allan, whose breast was a stranger to fear, and whose delight it was to court danger in every form. Now the murmurings of the wind, as it creeps along the lonely aisles, are sufficient to damp my spirits, and conjure up to my feverish imagination spectacles of dismay

may and terror. But whence proceeds this sensation? is it the offspring of guilt? My heart cannot accuse itself of any crime productive of such effects—no—it is my feeble and distempered frame suffering under such unaccountable persecution, that thus infects the vigour of my mind, and inflates my imagination with images to which health would be a stranger. Then come, you shades of the murdered, I fear you not; I have not injured you; and if the power of vengeance was at your command, surely within these walls you would find objects more worthy of its exercise."

That glorious orb, the sun, now shone in its meridian splendour, and was imparting its generative and vivifying beams to half the world; but Allan saw not

not the fair face of nature rendered more attractive by its rays, nor felt he that warmth which gives life and maturity to the vegetable, and health and spirits to the animal creation. Darkness, and a seclusion from all he held dear or valuable, was his portion; a portion which rendered death an object "devoutly to be wished for," and

"Night ———
Even in the zenith of her dark domain
Was sunshine to the colour of his fate."
Young.

CHAP. VI.

"The ample proposition that Hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness." *Shaks.*

THE sun had now almost arrived at the distant bounds of the western horizon, and shed a crimson glow on the brightning forest and the burnished plain; each spire was tipped with gold; and the shepherd, as he lay extended beneath the spreading foliage of the venerable oak, saluted with a hymn the regent of the day, as he sunk into the arms of the fondly-expecting daughter of old Ocean. It was at that tranquil hour

hour that the son of Glanville departed, attended by a chosen servant from the Castle of his ancestors, and directed his course, (his heart palpitating with anxious emotions,) towards the place of assignation.

He arrived there; he cast his inquiring eyes around him, but all was solitary; he stood with fixed attention, and inclined his ear to every whisper of the breeze, with the fond hope of hearing her approaching steps; a death-like stillness prevailed. "I have been again too impatient," said he, "and must make some reasonable allowance for casualties." He then gave his horse to his servant, and sat at the foot of the ruins, impatiently waiting her arrival.

The Sun was now hid behind the blue summits of the western mountains, and Night, in her ebon car, advanced in silent state from the eastern bounds of heaven: the hours of darkness were the attendants of her solemn procession, while the grey mantled Eve shrunk away at her approach, and was hid in the darker shades of the solitary goddess. The bell of the Castle had now tolled the hour of repose, when Carbery started from a deep reverie, in which the lovely Elinor alone occupied his meditations; he started, but it was to disappointment: "Surely," said he, "my Elinor could not deceive me? and yet the lateness of the hour—" With these words he traversed the plain with agitated steps, and bent his way towards the Castle of Desmond. He arrived at the

the venerable pile just as the moon had emerged from a thick cloud which had obscured it, and with its pale beams put the tapestry of darkness aside, and cast a silvery light on every tree and spire. He circumambulated every part of the Castle: the heavy portals were closed; the drawbridge was hauled up, and a solemn stillness reigned around, save where the murmurs of the Avonmore as it rolled along its stately course, or the raven with its boding note, intruded on the ear of contemplative silence. How awfully grand, how truly magnificent was the scene! but how lost to the son of Glanville. "You sullen walls," he exclaimed, "that hide me from my better self; you obdurate gates, which family discord and feudal prejudice have closed against me; say, why am I thus

doomed to steal like a thief beneath the shade of night to approach you? Thou God of my fathers, attend to the prayer of my soul! O grant that with me this tide of prejudice may end; and in the loves of Carbery and of Elinor may they ever be forgotten!"

The moon seemed to shed a brighter flood of light along the plain; the high turrets of the Castle; the tranquil bosom of the Avonmore; the distant summits of the mountains; the level plain and sloping declivity, with its tufted top of venerable oak, were all silvered with its beams, and seemed, by a smile of universal Nature, to brighten at the fervour of his prayer, and, by a cheerfulness of aspect, to augur well towards the consummation of his wishes.

Carbery

Carbery now perceived, that to loiter any longer on the domain of Desmond would be useless, and perhaps attended with danger of observation: he concluded that Elinor was prevented, perhaps, by the arrival of guests, or some other casualty, from meeting him at the appointed time; and with the hope that the next evening's declining sun would see him happy in the delightful office of her conductor and protector, he turned towards the ruins with a sigh, and having found Turloch, his servant, anxiously waiting for his return, he mounted his horse and rode with a smart pace towards his father's Castle.

He had reached about the mid way, and was passing through a dark avenue which formed a shade impervious to the light

of the moon, except where a few interstices, or broken branches, admitted it on the gloomy recess, when Turloch, whose eye had caught the glare of something like armour, in an half stifled tone of voice, called out to his master to stop. "What mean you?" said the son of Glanville, starting from a deep chain of meditation. "For the Virgin's sake, my dear Lord!" exclaimed Turloch, "do not advance a step further, or we are lost: I have seen the glare of arms at yon winding of the avenue; perhaps it was the White Knight, or something worse."—"Superstitious fool!" said Carbery, "it was only a sudden opening of the moonlight that you saw, and thus conjured up into an armed body. As to your White Knight, that is the tale of an old woman; and even was it probable,

bable, we could not be objects of his enmity, who never knew him; and consequently could never injure him." With these words he spurred his horse, and, laughing at the fears of poor Turloch, who was muttering his Aves and Paters as fast as a pair of jaw bones, chattering with terror, would permit him. At length they reached the spot which the timid servant had marked with his distant eye, and were turning to a part of the avenue where the gloom grew still thicker, and not one straggling beam of light intruded on the sombre scene, when the spirited horse of Carbery started at the clash of armour; and, in an instant, the son of O'Calaghan was assailed by an host of foes. Though armed with his sword alone, he made a gallant attempt to disengage himself

from such unequal numbers: already three of the ruffians lay prostrate at his horse's feet, when a treacherous blow from a battle-axe in the rear felled him to the ground. Nor was Turloch idle; for though he had the strongest aversion to ghosts of every description, yet, when he perceived his lord in danger, and attacked by flesh and blood, he used his long * *skeane*, with which he was provided, to no little purpose; but when he saw his master fall, and no chance of prevailing against the torrent which opposed them, he thought it more politic to surrender, which, however, such was the generosity of his foes, did not save him from a number of hard blows, even after he became a prisoner.

Carbery

* The Irish word for knife.

Carbery and his servant were now gagged and bound; after which, being placed behind two of the gang on horseback, they were conducted, by a circuitous route, until, after a journey of near three hours, they stopped at the base of a mountain, in whose side a large cavity formed by nature admitted them: here they dismounted, and the prisoners were conducted through various subterraneous avenues, until they reached a narrow chamber where they halted. Here they were released from their bonds, and restored to the free use of their speech, when Turloch exclaimed, "Jesu Maria! what is become of us? O master, let me feel you! are you alive? for by the mass I believe we are got half way into the other world; and those ill-looking sons of spalpeens are determined

to put us to a *sudden* death by keeping us here all the days of our lives."

At these words a most unmerciful kick in that part which gentlemen of nice feelings suppose to be the seat of honour, convinced him that he had better be sparing of his invectives; and though he could not restrain a growl of discontent, yet he had sense enough to perceive that silence would expose him to less severities; and he determined to follow the example of his lord in that respect, who had thrown himself on the ground, meditating on his late adventure and the fate of his Elinor: for now he began to suspect that his motions were watched, and the assignation disclosed, perhaps by the treachery of Judith; he therefore scarcely entertained a doubt but that

that he was indebted to the chieftain of Desmond for his disappointed hopes and privation of liberty. Possessed of this opinion, he resolved patiently to await the result, indifferent as to that point, if his Elinor was lost to him.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

" O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horrors all, and big with death!" *Cato.*

——— " how doubly fair
When first with fresh vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed Sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!" *Aikenside.*

"PERHAPS to night," said the truculent looking jailor as he departed with a look of horrible significancy. The words seemed still to vibrate on the ear, and the look to dwell on the retina of the unfortunate Allan. " Perhaps to night," he exclaimed, " mysterious words! What

then? perhaps to night will introduce the ministers of death, but they will also be the ministers of peace; the blow which satisfies the vindictive spirit of a rival, will but serve as an herald to introduce me to those scenes where the malignity of man can never operate." But then the image of his beloved Ella, his friend, his aged parents, all crowded on his anguished recollection: the tear rolled down his manly cheek, as he exclaimed, "Weak and presumptuous man, are those the ideas you would banish from your memory? are those the beings you would resign without a sigh? alas! there are ties, dear and tender ties, which my heart must acknowledge, which it cannot relinquish without drops of blood. But hark—(he started with involuntary horror) the bell tolls the midnight hour;

hour; perhaps it is the knell of my departure, and announces, with its iron tongue, the hour which the assassin loves, and warns me to prepare for my doom—He said "perhaps to night," and hark, they come, the murderers come! be firm my soul, and now a long farewell my parents, honoured and beloved, my friend most valued; and you, my inestimable, my only love."

Having uttered these exclamations, he inclined his ear to the sound of their approaching steps; the solitary aisles returned a hollow and a dismal echo:—his breath heaved short; he felt the icy approach of death begin to seize upon him. "O man," he exclaimed, "vainglorious man! how great is thy boasted reason, how strong thy resolutions! yet

where

where are they vanished in the hour of trial? why shrink they at the approach of danger? Collect thyself, my soul, and meet death with that dignified composure worthy of a christian warrior, the friend of Carbery, and the lover of thy Ella."

As he spoke the key was applied, the chains and clanking irons removed, and a lamp cast its deadly gleam upon his dungeon. Four persons entered, one bearing the lanthern, two supporting a coffin, whilst a third in the habit of a monk followed, and secured the door. Allan observed them with profound silence; he saw the dismal apparatus of death deposited near him; he perceived the assassin approach with his suspended steel, whilst the monk, whose features he

now

now recognized as the same which had attracted his attention in the chapel, composedly advanced, made bare his bosom, and then exclaiming, "my fears were just," retired a few paces in apparent agitation. Allan took advantage of his emotions, to entreat him that he might be informed to whose enmity or to what crime he owed his melancholy situation! the monk, paused and evidently struggled with his feelings—then, as if collecting fresh energy, he exclaimed, "Dreadful necessity!" at the same time beckoning to the executioner, "Do your duty." The truculent visaged wretch advanced; the fatal point was directed to his heart, and Allan collected all his native firmness to meet the blow, when a sudden clash arrested the hand of the assassin, and a figure in white armour, with the rapidity

rapidity of lightning, and noise of thunder, darted from the extreme corner of the room, and stood before the petrified ruffian, from whose hand fell the instrument of death; whilst the monk, with a shriek of horror, sunk senseless on the earth, and his guilty companions, betaking themselves to flight, attempted in vain to leave the spot where terror had enchained them.

Allan was somewhat startled at the appearance of the supernatural visitor, (for as such only he could esteem him;) but, considering him as the minister of heaven sent for his deliverance, he bowed towards him with reverence, whilst, as if by magic at his touch, his chains flew off with a sudden spring, and he found himself at liberty; whilst the mysterious visitor

visitor beckoned him to follow, and retired to the dark extremity of the apartment. He felt confidence renewed in his breast; he followed; the White Knight preceding him as they passed through heaps of mouldering bodies and bones of the dead, until, on a sudden, the wall of the chamber flew open, and closed again with a discordant noise, which shook the whole building, when they passed through the aperture. Allan now found himself in total darkness; he was guided by the sound of the arms which clanked before him; he descended many steps, and reascended again, until after many spiral and complex circumambulations, he at length perceived a distant glimmering of light, which, on a still nearer approach, he found to proceed from the silent regent of the night,

which

which shed a few refracted rays through the gloom to which he had been so long accustomed. How his bosom heaved with new sensations at that grateful sight! he saw the figure in armour now stop at the aperture which admitted the light; it looked back as if desirous of yet beholding him: he hasted towards it, but it vanished from his view, and on his reaching the spot, he found himself entering into that valley which was represented to him in a former dream, where the mysterious knight seemed to address him with these words,—"*Those fields are thine.*"

Allan prostrated himself on the earth, and looking with grateful emotions towards the clear vault of heaven; "O guardian of the unfortunate, shield of the oppressed,"

oppressed," he exclaimed, "may my thanks, my adoration, be acceptable at thy sacred shrine; may I still be an object of thy protecting power, and relying solely on thy strength, defy the dagger of the assassin, and bear, with becoming fortitude, those trials, however severe, which thy wisdom has assigned me!" He then arose, and looking back with horror on the monastery of Morne, directing his course towards the west, he betook himself to flight.

The night was serene; the moon with its friendly light accompanied him, as he brushed the dews from the vale, and now from the upland's height; and when the curtains of the morn were drawn back, by the saffron fingers of Aurora, in the crimson chambers of the east, he had

had gained a considerable distance from the abode of his persecutors. O how grateful to his sight were the impearled tresses of that morn; how acceptable the fresh breeze that shook the long mountain heath; and how delightful to find himself once more restored to the full use of vigorous and manly limbs. For confinement, though it somewhat impaired, yet did not overcome the natural vigour of his constitution. You that never felt the galling and degrading manacle; who have never pressed the damp excrescences of a dungeon for a pillow; whose eyes have never been accustomed to a total privation of light, and whose lungs have never imbibed the putrid vapours of subterraneous incarceration:—you, I say, can never form a distant conception, of the exquisitely de-

lightful

lightful sensations which thrilled the bosom of Allan, when thus restored to light, to liberty, to life!

When those first emotions had subsided, and the wretched state of his affairs recurred to his view, (for a restoration to the world, brought back with it the cares of the world,) ideas of a melancholy nature succeeded in his mind, where were his parents? perhaps the partners of his disgrace, and driven in their old days on an unfeeling world! did his honoured Carbery still remember or esteem him?—and what was the fate of his adored Ella? perhaps sacrificed by blind ambition, and accursed policy, to an illustrious wretchedness!

With

With such reflections he traversed a vast extent of territory, unconscious of the way; until the chilly blasts of evening, and descending shades which floated from the summits of the surrounding hills, diffusing themselves over the vale, contracting the landscape, and recalling his attention to his desolate condition, excited a desire of seeking some place of rest for the ensuing night. The calls of nature, which had been disregarded or blunted by the intense application of his mind to other objects, began now to urge their claims with increased avidity; and he looked around him, but in vain, for any human habitation. He had reached a dreary moor, on every side inclosed with steep and craggy hills; he could still discern the wild goats suspended from aërial clifts, and sometimes a noise,

like the murmurs of the ocean, was conveyed on the rough wing of the gale to his ears: nor was it an illusion of fancy; for, in his undetermined course, he had directed his steps towards the coast, and was only separated from the Atlantic by the immense pile of rocks which surrounded him: impressed with this idea, he pushed forward with renovated vigour, attained by the hope of soon reaching the hut of some fisherman, where he may find some refreshment and repose for the night. Darkness had now enrobed the earth with her sable mantle; the moon was hid under an impervious column of clouds; not a star twinkled in the gloomy concave; and not a sound was to be heard but the solitary moaning of the hollow gust, save when the distant murmurs of the deep

deep would interpose; when Allan, "faint and wearily," urged on his course, now stumbling over an opposing hillock, now encountering a stream, and now a precipice, which darkness had enshrouded with ten-fold horrors, until totally exhausted, he sunk to the earth, unable any longer to pursue his way. In this state he remained for some time, wet with the dew, and enfeebled as much through want of refreshment as fatigue; when a sudden light, as if from a taper, burst on his view from an elevated part of the hill, at whose base he had reclined. He saw it--but it was only momentary; he had, however, marked the direction, and the fond hope of regaining some human society again, recalled fresh vigour to his limbs, and energy to his resolves. He arose, and

pursuing the way which he esteemed most direct, ascended, with infinite pains, an assemblage of rocks, high piled on each other, thinly diversified with sloping plots of grass, until, after some hours of labour, the wished-for object once more blest his inquiring view: and he perceived, on turning, a winding path which led to it, that it was at no great distance. He rested himself for a little time on the point of a rock, still keeping the cheering light in view, 'till recruiting his strength, and making a fresh effort, with tottering steps he at length arrived at the door of a hut, which seemed embosomed in the solid rock, and from whose narrow casement had issued the light that attracted him thither. Here a fresh difficulty presented itself, who could be the inhabitants

of

of so sequestrated a spot; which seemed, by being so studiously concealed, to be the abode of refugee guilt: was it prudent to intrude in the dead of night on company, from which it was, perhaps, his interest to fly? His situation, however, was so desperate, and his wants so urgent, that no time was left for deliberation; he therefore tapped at the door, and immediately a venerable person appeared, with looks expressive of surprise. His long beard, his furrowed cheek, and coarse attire, with his bead and rosary, as he bent forward to inquire "who is there?" left Allan in no doubt as to the profession of the recluse. He bowed his head with reverence, and said, "Father, an unfortunate youth, exhausted by fatigue, and faint with hunger, implores the hospitality of your roof—"

"Enter, my son," said the venerable man; "coarse is my fare, but it will be sweetened by my welcome and your necessities."

He entered the humble residence, and flung himself on a rushen couch which presented itself. The hermit perceived his extreme lassitude and weakness, and having hastily thrown a fresh faggot on the hearth, which soon diffused a cheerful blaze, he produced a bottle of restorative liquor, extracted from the wild herbs of the mountains, of which the weary wanderer having partaken, he soon felt its effects operating towards the revival of his spirits; whilst his officious host spread before him, on the naked board, some preserved fruits, and milk which he had pressed that evening from the udders

udders of his goats. How sweet, how truly acceptable to him was the humble repast; how far excelling, in his estimation, the rich banquets of Glanville, or the magnificent feasts of Ulster! He ate with a zest which proved that nature requires not the arts of luxury to impart the most desirable gratifications: and now having satisfied his appetite, and feeling his strength in a great degree restored, he was about to express his acknowledgments, when he was interrupted by the good old man, who kindly observed, that he seemed much fatigued, and that he forbid all manner of conversation until the morning: he then spread some goat skins on the couch, where he requested of him to lie down, and having covered him with a warm hair-cloth, he left him to repose, retiring

to his own mat, having first returned thanks to the Great Disposer of events for the blessings of the past day, and recommending himself and his guest to the same protecting Providence.

Allan had scarcely reclined on his humble couch, when the fatigue he had so recently endured, brought on a pleasant and refreshing sleep. Visions of bliss now occupied his mind; and Ella, his adored Ella! was given to his enraptured bosom, by sweetly flattering and deluding imagination.

CHAP. VIII.

"By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavours for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion." *Shaks.*

At Glanville Castle all was confusion; the sudden disappearance of Carbery, which no one could account for, cast a shade of sorrow and anxiety over the whole family; the preparations for the nuptials of Tyrone were suspended, and couriers dispatched by the afflicted chieftain to all quarters, and in all directions, offering a reward to any person that could give the smallest information respecting his beloved son. Ella was in

the greatest imaginable affliction; apprehension for the safety of her brother, added to disquietude and grief for her lamented Allan, together with a horror of her detested and approaching nuptials, had a too visible and fatal effect on her so lately fascinating person: her eyes were dim, from excessive weeping; her cheek was the bed of the lily; and her whole frame had received a shock which threatened the most alarming consequences.

Tyrone perceived the alteration in her looks; he also surmised as to the cause of it; but so devoid was he of every generous sentiment, that he triumphed in her pain, and thought only of revenging the wound his pride had received by her preferring Allan.

Things

Things were in this state, when a messenger arrived with the disagreeable news, that the chieftain of Desmond, assisted by the united forces of the Lord of Dromore, and the Prince of Thomond, his intended son-in-law, was preparing to invade the territory of Glanville, and demand his daughter, who, he had reason to suppose, was carried off by the son of O'Calaghan; for Gerald was not wanting in his exertions to make it appear so, and circumstances were too strong to admit a doubt of it, as Elinor and Carbery disappeared on the same day, nay even the same hour. Desmond was frantic with rage, and breathed nothing but revenge; whilst the afflicted chieftain of Glanville stormed with unavailing passion, both against his enemy and his son, who had

thus brought ruin and disgrace upon his antient race and the grey hairs of his father, by thus stealing, like a thief, the daughter of his detested and hereditary foe. "Let them come on," said he, in an agony of despair, "I shall not oppose them; for sooner would I have this Castle humbled to the earth, and be buried in its ruins, than the daughter of Desmond should preside in it as the wife of my lost, my degraded son." Thus did his pride and antient animosity work him up to a pitch of frenzy which rendered him incapable of concerting measures for his defence.

His vassals, however, on receiving intelligence of the intended attack, were all in commotion. Old Randal forgot his private griefs and resentments in the public

public cause; he hobbled from village to village, exhorting the inhabitants to take up arms and defend their chief. The neighbouring clans, who were in alliance with Glanville, marched towards the Castle with their assembled forces; and without any exertion of his own, he found himself surrounded by a numerous army, determined to stand or fall with him. Gratifying as such testimonies of zeal and fidelity were to the chieftain, yet did the idea of his beloved son's forming any connexion with his inveterate and hereditary foe, so deprive him of all comfort, as to render him incapable of feeling that delight which such proofs of loyalty would otherwise impart to him: he was, however, awoke from his lethargic apathy by the urgent representations of his chief warriors,

who

who importuned him to support the dignity of his house against all invaders, and not suffer the honours of his antient race to fall prostrate before an exulting foe without an effort to save himself. The mention of his antient race recalled all the pride of ancestry, and grasping a standard, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Yes, my friends, I yield to your solicitations; and, for the honour of my family, which never 'till now received a stain, I shall convince those proud invaders, that an O'Calaghan, if he must fall, will not fall ingloriously!" A shout of applause now rent the air; the war-flag was suspended from the highest battlement; the trumpet, which had long hung neglected in the hall of the Castle, was resumed, and with its brazen throat proclaimed to the surrounding plains its hostile

hostile sentiments. Mean time preparations of attack were making by Desmond and his allies; and, in a few weeks, hostilities were expected to commence.

All eyes were now turned towards Tyrone, from whom great assistance was expected, as his alliance was a most powerful one; and he had only to speak, when a numerous band of his own vassals would fly to his standard. He was, however, plotting the most infernal of designs, and availing himself of the absence of Carbery and Allan, together with the dangers which threatened Glanville: he purposed, in the confusion of warfare, to carry off the unfortunate Ella, and, by concealing her in some remote castle in his own territories, degrade her to the situation of his mistress, and

thus at once gratify his lust and his revenge, confident that he could attach all the odium and suspicion to the enmity of Desmond. With such secret sentiments he publicly avowed a warm interest in the cause; and the better to conceal his base intentions, he dispatched a courier to Ulster for auxiliaries. Immediately a considerable number of Ultonian troops were put in motion, and, by forced marches, soon arrived at the Castle of Glanville. This reinforcement inspired fresh confidence; each bosom burned for the fight; and the blast of war alone was heard over those plains, so late the happy, undisturbed retreats of peace and industry.

At length a courier arrived, with news that the posts on the frontiers were expected

pected to be attacked immediately, as the troops of the enemy were in motion. Tyrone marched at the head of his Ultonians; and, in a few days, Glanville followed, heading, in person, the main army.

For some time nothing worthy of notice occurred on either side: there was, indeed, a little skirmishing between the advanced guards; but the chief warriors of Glanville resolved, in a council of war, as long as possible to avoid a general engagement, as their force was much inferior, but to act on the defensive; and as a strong chain of hills, with some of the mountains of Mona, formed a natural barrier to the territory of O'Calaghan, his assailants, notwithstanding repeated attacks, found themselves repulsed with loss.

Both

Both armies were now encamped in sight of each other; the one exerting all the vigilance and precaution necessary for defence; the other meditating stratagems to draw their opponents from their fastnesses, and to bring on a decisive action.

CHAP. IX.

" Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will." *Goldsmith.*

" In the rushy cell ———
The lonely Anchoret consumed his days." *Mrs. Robinson.*

——— " Thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers, to bear me boldly on." *Aikenside.*

THE venerable Hermit called Allan up not until an advanced period of the morning; for he considered that the weary traveller may require that repose which he never indulged himself with: it was his custom, invariably, to rise with the early dawn, and mark that glorious orb,

orb, the Sun, as it appeared in the eastern bound, and seemed to step from the golden summit of some majestic mountain, to issue on its journey, and walk forth a radiant evidence of creative glory and omnipotent munificence to all the nations; cheering the fair face of nature, and fertilizing the luxuriant bosom of the earth with its vivifying and generative rays. An object how dear, how glorious to the contemplative mind! which views with awe, gratitude, and admiration, the divine Author of the universe, through the medium of his wonderful works; which hears the voice of his wrath in the desolating tempest; and the accents of his love, in the gentle, refreshing, and heat-allaying breeze!—"Arise, O son of man! from thy pillow of sloth; Disease lies lurking in thy mantle

mantle of indolence; whilst Health expects thee on the hills, and Pleasure invites thee to her vales: arise! and lose not the fairest portion of that time which is allowed thee to sojourn in this transitory world:—The lark is already high poised, to thy reproach; the steer is drinking the clear streamlet of the valley; the raven is providing for its callow young; the eagle is on its wing; but the son of man is on his pillow of sloth, unconscious of the beauties of creation, or of the value of time!"—

Such were the reflections of the recluse, as he sat on a protuberance of the rock which jutted from the base of his aërial residence, and cast his eyes over an immense tract of territory which smiled upon his view. The

leaden

leaden sceptre of sleep lay heavy on half the world, while he arose from his contemplative position, to collect among the rocks some wild roots and berries against the hour of repast. His goats came obedient to his well-known voice, and supplied a beverage with which the purple draughts of luxury could not vie. Thus was he employed, when Allan issued from the hut to seek him; but was arrested on the very threshold by the grandeur of the scene which burst upon his view: on one side was a stupendous pile of rocks, which seemed to penetrate the clouds with their aspiring heads; on the other, a chain of irregular hills covered with verdure: at a distance was dimly seen an extensive range of mountains, which mingled their blue summits with the cerulean

drapery

drapery of the heavens; whilst, in the intermediate space, was an extensive plain, beautifully diversified with wood and water; and here and there a solitary spot of heath-ground appeared, as a foil to the luxuriant vegetation which bloomed around. Charmed with the scene, Allan stood riveted to the spot; the morning was fair, and the rains which had fallen on the preceding night, served as a varnish to give each object a richer glow and brighter tint. He now admired the situation of the hermit's retreat: it was on a small plat which rested on the back of a projecting cliff, at an astonishing height from the plain: and he wondered how, in the darkness and fatigue of the preceding night, he had ever attained an eminence so difficult of access. He then cast his eyes above,

above, and perceived that he was canopied by impending rocks jutting their threatening protuberances into fantastic forms, tier above tier: whilst the eagle, high poised upon his wing, stood hovering over, and meditating a deadly pounce upon the trembling wild kid that hung from the roots of the solitary arbutus, which here and there peeped forth from the narrow chasms that diversified the awful scene; until the prospect, as it receded from his view, was lost in the clouds, that rested their fleecy bosoms on its summit. He now relieved his sight, by casting it upon the vale; and at the base of an opposite hill, which was watered by a stream which flowed into the valley, he perceived the ruins of an ancient castle, whose mouldering battlements and moss-incrusted

crusted walls, added not a little to the dignity and effect of the whole prospect: and so charmed was his mind with the objects that surrounded him, that he could not help fancying himself suddenly transported, as in a vision, by some supernatural power, from the dungeon of death, to those romantic regions, which poetic fancy has depicted as the happy abodes of the blessed: nothing but his Ella, his adored Ella! was now wanting to render his paradise complete. As he was thus indulging himself in these reveries, the appearance of his venerable host toiling up the steep ascent, recalled his senses from their delightful wanderings: and he blushed at not having sooner discovered the good hermit, and partaken of his labours. He then hastily descended the craggy

path to meet him, and assist him to his hut.

"Good morrow to thee, my son," said the recluse of the rocks; "peace be with thee."

"Venerable Father," replied Allan, "the thanks of the recruited traveller attends you."

"Peace, son," said the hermit; "the blessings and rewards of the charitable are above;—the acknowledgments of man but cancel the obligation and the merit."

Allan bowed to the rigid sentiment—and in a little time they reached the tranquil and secure retreat. The simple board

board was now overspread with frugal fare, of which they partook with a zest unknown to the tables of the great.

The repast of the temperate was soon over, and the hermit now seemed to regard Allan with an inquisitive eye; nor was he less intent on the features of his benefactor: the furrows of his cheeks proclaimed him far advanced in the journey of life, whilst his address and courtesy, together with an impressive air of dignity which beamed from his manly countenance, bore testimony to his having been the witness of more splendid moments, and the possessor of more polished enjoyments. At length the recluse broke silence: "My son," said he, "I judged it improper last night, in consequence of your weary condition, to inquire into the motive or the chance

which led you to this retreat; for many years have now elapsed since any human voice (excepting those of a few neighbouring goat-herds, as rough as the rocks which they inhabit,) has reached those ears, or human step this secluded retirement; and certain I am that no common adventure has been the cause of conducting you here: however, if the recapitulation of past misfortunes (for I can perceive that you have not been a stranger to care), will recal sensations too painful for you to bear, I urge not the request; my object is to impart comfort, and not to indulge an impertinent curiosity."

Allan now, in return for the hospitality he had experienced, related, with ingenuous candour, the principal events of

of his life, as far as his memory would permit, or his knowledge extend, until his arrival at that sequestered spot. At different periods of his narrative the hermit seemed variously affected: horror, indignation, suspense, hope and joy, beamed alternately from his now clouded, now animated countenance. These emotions did not escape the observation of Allan; he attributed all to exquisite sensibility of the old man, who was on that account raised still higher in his esteem: but when he came to mention the figure in white armour, and the assassins in the monastery of Morne, his whole frame was agitated, and, riveting his eyes on the countenance of Allan, with renewed attention and scrutinizing inquiry, he exclaimed, "Young man, your tale is truly interesting—you

say your father's name was Randal?" —"Even so," replied Allan; "he is a vassal of the chieftain of Glanville; and as yet I hope he lives."

The recluse hung his head in deep meditation; then, raising his eyes, fixed them most stedfastly on the young stranger; "It is all delusion," said he; "yet I had a dear and honoured friend, long since consigned to the tomb, who seems to revive in your person, so striking is the resemblance; however it may prove, I feel myself much interested in your fate, and hope you will submit to the inconvenience of this retreat until brighter prospects present themselves: here you will at least find security; and my humble efforts shall not be wanting to render your situation as comfortable

as

as the hard condition of my fate will permit; but I must to my orisons, in which you shall not be forgotten; mean time you may walk abroad and enjoy those delights which the picturesque scenery of nature cannot fail to impart."

Allan retired with reverential obedience: once more he cast his eyes over the extensive landscape; he again examined the rocks which rose above the hermitage, and was seized with a desire of surmounting all difficulties, and exploring the prospect to the west, which they excluded from him. Impressed with this idea, he began to climb the steep ascent; from rock to rock he toiled with ceaseless endeavours; now the projecting brow of a bold clift sustained him, and now his existence de-

pended on the precarious support of some knotted root which issued from the fissures of the flinty mass. Much fatigued, he at length reached that point which he had marked with his distant eye as the summit; which, having attained, he found to be but the base of still more stupendous piles, which reared their aspiring heads aloft, and being lost to the sight, mocked the vain efforts of the inquiring adventurer. Satisfied of the impracticableness of his project in that direction, he resolved to return to the hermitage, and on some ensuing day renew the attempt in some other quarter. But his descent was much more dangerous than his ascent; to look down the immeasurable steep required a steady eye to avoid dizziness. The eagles were feeding their young beneath him; and

the

the mouldering Castle, which frowned so terrific on the vale below, seemed, by the extenuation of the visual ray, even as the goat-herd's hut. Objects of lesser dimensions were totally lost to the sight; and the green hills, which swelled so proudly above the plain, seemed as gentle undulations, scarcely to be distinguished from the level lap of nature. With much precaution, and not a little danger, he at length reached the hermitage. The venerable man was sedulously intent on a volume of the antient fathers: he gently laid aside the book as Allan entered, almost exhausted with fatigue.

"Welcome, my son; have you been exploring those romantic ridges?"

"Yes, father; my curiosity would impel me to the highest summit, with a desire of seeing the ocean; but the attempt was vain."

"I shall point out a path by which you may with less difficulty attain your wish; but beware of venturing too far: mean time I shall recommend for your amusement a collection of old manuscripts, which you will find in yonder recess; they were left by my predecessor, a recluse, who died here: he was possessed of a romantic turn of thought; perhaps you may find something to entertain you; my studies are of a more serious nature."

Allan approached the little depot, and drew forth a bundle of papers, some totally

tally defaced, others scarcely legible through dust and the damps of time: he however found sufficient to engage his attention until the approach of night, when heavy clouds floated around the aerial residence, and intruding darkness rendered the characters illegible: he laid aside his manuscript, and attended to the call of his good host, who summoned him to his evening repast. The wind now blew shrilly along the mountain's side, the clouds hid the vale from the inquiring eye, and the hermit observed to his guest, that every thing denoted a tempestuous night. "The vicissitudes of weather are great and sudden," said Allan; "how fair was this morning; all nature seemed to smile; and ah! in how short a time,

how dreary is the scene; how joyless; how desolate!"

"Thy observation is just, my son; and I would teach thee to draw a moral from it; the morning of life presents flowery prospects of delight, on which we too fondly dwell, and which we esteem immutable, or almost eternal, until the lowering cares of manhood intrude upon us, and awake us from our dreams of unalloyed delight, and too oft engender a cloud which bursts upon the winter of old age." The hermit sighed, and Allan's breast was responsive; the tear rolled down his youthful cheek; "Alas!" he exclaimed, "my morning of life is scarcely past, my noon has not arrived, and yet night has overtaken me; how

soon

soon was that cloud engendered, and how soon convulsed, which has deluged me with grief, and driven me an outcast wanderer on the world!"

The hermit rose from his seat, and paced the cell with impatient strides; but his composure soon returned, and resuming his seat, "My son," he exclaimed, "I fear you have mistaken the object of my moral, and drawn a conclusion very opposite to my intent. I pointed out the similitude, not to excite despondency, but to summon forth that fortitude so necessary to encounter the trials of this life, and, by estranging the mind from the too fleeting enjoyments of this world, render it impregnable to the assaults of fortune."

Allan

Allan sighed.

"I perceive," rejoined the sage, "there is a source of sorrow in your breast, not easily to be absorbed: I am far from recommending a denial of pleasing prospects; but I would not suffer your imagination to flatter you too much. I would have you indulge hope in such a manner, that even the final disappointment of those hopes may not prove subversive of that firmness of mind which should characterize a great man; and methinks, under the garb you wear, and the misfortunes which oppress you, I can perceive some scintillations of greatness."

Allan bowed and blushed.

"Young man, I am past the age of flattery; do not again mistake my meaning; I wish only to confirm your soul in the pursuit of every laudable object it has in view: but mark me, set not your heart so fondly on it, as to render disappointment invincible to reason." Having thus spoke, he offered up his evening devotions preparatory to his retiring to the couch of repose; while Allan threw a fresh faggot on the fire and resumed his manuscript.

At that moment the savage blast seemed to rave with augmented fury; the humble shed rocked on its flinty base; the casement rattled, and the distant roaring of the ocean filled up the pauses of the storm with its solemn and impressive sounds. It was music to the

ears

ears of Allan. To the mind of the innocent, the wild blast of the wilderness, and the convulsive emotions of nature, form a grand concert, expressive of the Creator's power, which lulls it to repose; whilst every gust flings horror to, and every blast appalls, the guilty mind.

He now turned over some pages of the old manuscript, without fixing on any particular passage: at length his eye caught a title which attracted his attention; and the horrors of the night rendered every line more impressive as he read the following ballad:

THE VENGEANCE OF FATE.

By the side of a hill, where a dark stream was flowing,
An old ive-mantled Castle arose;
In its ruinous niches a covert bestowing
For the bat's and the scréech-owl's repose.

In its hall, where, of yore, jolly chieftains carousing,
Push'd the mirth-stirring goblet around,
The rank fox had his den, and the wild goat was browzing,
On the nettle which cover'd the ground.

One night, when the hollow-gust, drearily howling,
Shook the battlements tott'ring on high;
The thunder with peals so terrific was growling,
And the blue-lightnings glar'd thro' the sky.

The clouds, fraught with tempest and rain, burst asunder;
Wide torrents had delug'd the plain;
The badger was panic-struck, prowling for plunder,
And crept to his earth back again.

'Twas

'Twas then when the raven, ill-omen'd, was screaming,
Sir Courcy, infirm and old;
His hair, and his beard, and his garments, all streaming,
His feeble limbs shiv'ring with cold;

With terror, in darkness and horror retiring,
Sought refuge in this drear abode;
Where *Vengeance of Fate*, which pursues without tiring,
Had led him astray from his road.

He enter'd the pile, not an object descrying,
The gloom was so drear and profound;
Save where a wild flash of the swift-lightning, flying,
Illumin'd the dome all around.

'Twas then it occurr'd, as his senses returning,
Brought back recollection's lost power,
That once, when with malice and jealousy burning,
He wrought a foul deed in this tower.

His

His limbs were enchain'd in the fetters of
terror;
The big drops roll'd down his pale face;
Whilst sadly exclaiming, "What horrible error
"Conducted my steps to this place?"

An effort he made, though the storm loud was
raving,
To fly, and its fury to brave;
But the chisel of Fate was his epitaph graving,
And fiends were constructing his grave.

E'en then when the tempest's loud blasts were
subsiding,
A solemn pause seem'd to ensue;
From the earth's solid base, in a chasm dividing,
A spectre uprose to his view.

On its breast was a wound, where the gore seem'd
fresh streaming;
On its forehead a gash gaping wide;
Whilst a poniard, whose hilt was with diamonds
all beaming,
Was fixt, near the heart, in its side.

"O horrid!"

" O horrid!" the Knight then exclaim'd, wildly gazing,
His heart throbb'd, convuls'd with dismay;
" 'Tis Godfrey—my father!"—the spectre then raising
His hollow eyes, sternly did say:

" Yes, Godfrey thy father—of heart unsuspecting,
" The ill-fated Godfrey am I—
" Whom thou, a sad victim to av'rice selecting,
" Condemn'd here unpitied to die.

" And long has the moss o'er my cold grave been growing,
" And long have the night-dews been shed,
" Where, rudely the wind, with its hollow-gust blowing,
" Disturbs the rank grass near my head.

" And long have thy years been revolving in pleasure,
" Nor pain, nor remorse didst thou feel:
" Possess'd of my title, my lands, and my treasure,
" Rewards of thy parricide steel.

" But

" But *Vengeance of Fate*, which pursues without tiring,
" Arrests thee and summons away,
" Whilst legions of Demons, new torments conspiring,
" Impatiently wait for their prey.

" This night the foul toad shall partake of thy pillow,
" The adder shall lodge on thy breast,
" And hemlock shall wave, 'stead of cypress or willow,
" Where the bones of the *Parricide* rest."

He spoke—whilst Sir Courcy, aghast and despairing,
With terror had sunk to the ground;
And spirits of darkness, their gorgon-heads rearing,
Thrice yelling, encircled him round.

'Twas then when the battlements rudely were shaking,
And lightnings glared vivid and blue:
The ground, on a sudden, convulsive and quaking,
Disclosed a deep pit to his view.

Its

Its crater, with fountains of sulphur was boiling,
Its foul-stench infected the air:
While Courcy the guilty, with horror recoiling,
Shrunk back with the shriek of despair.

But vain were his shrieks, horrid demons descending,
Exultingly bore him away;
On murder—the *Vengeance of Fate* still impending,
Tho' slow, is secure of its prey.

In that hall, where, of yore, jolly chieftains carousing,
Push'd the mirth-stirring goblet around,
The rank fox has his den, and the wild goat is browzing,
On the nettle which covers the ground.

But oft, when at midnight the moon dimly beaming,
Its dreary light sheds on the green,
And high in its turret, the raven is screaming,
The ghost of Sir Courcy is seen.

'Tis then of his crimes, ah! too lately repenting,
His groans wound the silence of night:
While spirits of darkness, with ceaseless tormenting,
Pursue him with savage delight.

The

The subject of the ballad now entirely occupied the mind of Allan. The storm was still raging with increased violence; he arose, and advanced to the little casement, to enjoy the horrors of the scene: he opened the lattice, and looked down upon the vale, which, by repeated flashes of lightning, was at intervals disclosed to his view: the old castle too caught his eye; and from its situation, together with the tremendous peals, the dreary glooms, and deluging torrents, which composed at once the sublime and horrific, he concluded that the subject of the ballad, and the descriptions annexed to it, were suggested to the mind of its recluse author, perhaps when contemplating such a scene, on such a night, and perhaps from the very spot were he now stood—

with

with this impression he retired to his couch, convinced that the melancholy subject could not have any existence, except in the feverish mind of a splenetic recluse, or the horror-creating powers of poetic imagination.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

" —— the maid
Whose peerless beauty won his yielding heart,
Condemn'd by lordly, needy persecution,
Pin'd——" *Mrs. Robinson.*

" To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself." *Shak.*

CARBERY and his unfortunate servant, having been conducted through various passages, at length arrived at a loathsome dungeon, which admitted not a ray of light; where they were immured, and, except when visited at certain hours, were left to indulge their meditations on this sudden reverse of fortune. The son of O'Calaghan could not con-

jecture to whom he was indebted for such outrageous and cruel conduct; except when his suspicion glanced at Lord Desmond, who perhaps had received some intimation of his intentions and his interviews with Elinor; and had taken this method to remove him out of the way, until the nuptials of his daughter and the Prince of Thomond should be solemnized. "I will then be restored to the light of day," said the desponding Carbery, "only to witness the triumph of a rival, and to see my adored Elinor in the arms of another. Rather hide me in eternal glooms; sooner may this prison prove also my sepulchre!" Such were his ejaculations, while Turloch, who now began to forget the hard blows he had received, began, by every endeavour of untutored and affectionate

affectionate sophistry, to assuage his sorrows, and contribute, if possible, by his rustic sallies of humour, to amuse him.

Here we must leave them, and return to the fair daughter of Desmond, who departed from her father's castle at the appointed hour, and was approaching the place of destination, attended by Judith; when they were suddenly surprised by a party of men in masks, who hurried them on horseback, and rode off towards the Castle of Dromore. Vain were their shrieks; vain their intreaties: in a few hours the gloomy mansion received them, the heavy portals were closed upon them, and they were conducted to apartments prepared for their reception. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and indig-

nation of Elinor! "What can be the meaning of all this?" she would exclaim: "Does such perfidy exist on earth? the bosom friend of my father, thus to trepan his daughter—for what purpose?—what can this lead to?"

Judith could only answer with her tears; they were however treated with the utmost attention; a servant waited on her to know her commands, and a sumptuous repast was served up for her entertainment. Elinor could scarce believe her senses, the surprise was so great, the transition so momentary, the cause so mysterious—she could not for a moment imagine that Lord Gerald could have any design on her person, and yet how otherwise could it be accounted for? Her attention now turned to her beloved Carbery: how great must his disappoint-

disappointment be, on arriving at the place of rendezvous! how agonizing his distress, when informed of her disappearing, without any one being able to give the smallest information on the subject! Her father she also thought of with filial tenderness; she felt for the distress which it would occasion to him: she next condemned her own rash imprudence as the cause of it: she then inquired for Lord Gerald, that he may account for his conduct; her answer was, "That his Lordship was not at the castle." She then importuned the servant who attended, to inform her why she was conducted hither? it was the savage Connel, who replied with affected diffidence, bowing as he spoke, that he never presumed to inquire into the motives by

which his Lord was influenced in any of his transactions.

She now perceived it was fruitless to inquire into her fate, as she concluded all the domestics had the same orders; she looked on the banquet with disgust; but having prevailed upon Judith to partake of some refreshment, she requested to be conducted to her chamber, where at her desire a bed was also provided for her maid. Here she indulged her grief without observation or interruption, except from the affectionate soothings of Judith—little did she imagine that the object of all her wishes was then beneath the same roof with her, and as little did he think that he was so near the idol of his fondest affections.

Her

Her chamber was furnished with all the magnificence of gothic splendour; hung round with arras, and ornamented with some portraits of the family. She flung herself on her bed, and spent a restless night: in the morning she was weak and feverish; it increased during the day; and on the next ensuing morning, it was found necessary to call in the family bard or physician; who, on visiting his fair patient, declared that the symptoms were truly alarming: and having administered an opiate draught, left her to her repose; strictly enjoining silence to all her attendants, as her recovery would depend in a great degree on the undisturbed state in which she should be kept.

Gerald, who resided in a retired wing of the castle, heard with no small degree of apprehension and concern, the situation of his lovely captive: and judging rightly, that his presence may augment her danger, by increasing her agitation, he determined to avoid her sight until she was perfectly recovered, and the surprise and alarm which she experienced had in a great degree subsided; hoping by some artful sophistry to deceive her, and by degrees, and gentle treatment, to acquire her esteem. With this intent he set out for Desmond Castle, where he was aware that his presence would avert all manner of suspicion from him, and where he determined to remain until he heard that she was entirely restored to health; leaving strict orders that a messenger should

should be sent to him every day, under some other pretence, with an account of her situation. Mean-time he was endeavouring to soothe the unhappy chieftain of Desmond, and, by an affected display of concern for the fate of his friend, so wrought upon the mind and affections of the unhappy and deceived Desmond, that he declared, if his daughter could not be restored to him, without the disgrace of an alliance with the house of Glanville, he would disinherit her, and adopt the Lord of Dromore as the heir of his possessions. Theresa, who was by, approved of her brother's wise resolutions, and observed, (at the same time directing a significant look at Gerald, which he perfectly understood,) that the connection of their family with so valuable a friend, could not be too

closely cemented. The artful chieftain answered with a smile, which Theresa immediately construed in her own favour; and then bowing towards Desmond, acknowledged his obligations, at the same time observing, that he overrated his merits, and that he sincerely hoped his daughter may be restored to him, in such a manner as to secure to her the succession and his approbation. All these expressions were new proofs, to the blinded partiality of Desmond, of the disinterested interest which his friend took in his concerns; and as the auxiliary troops of the Prince of Thomond were then arrived, Gerald took leave, for the purpose, as he said, of collecting his forces, and leading them in person against the presumptuous and perfidious house of Glanville.

On

On his arrival at Dromore, he was much alarmed at hearing that Elinor's malady was much increased; and that she was then in a state of delirium, calling on her father, and her beloved Carbery. The mention of the last name brought a deadly paleness into his countenance, and the little pity which began to dawn in his obdurate breast, for the unhappy girl, gave way to feelings of resentment. He began to congratulate himself with savage joy on having his rival in his power; and he secretly resolved that he should not live. With this infernal intention, he retired to his closet, and was speedily attended by the ferocious Connel, who perceived his agitation, and with his usual earnestness inquired into the cause.

"Connel," said the gloomy chief "are our forces ready for the field?" "So much so, my Lord," replied Connel, "that the third blast of the horn will present them to your view in array of battle—"

"That is well," said Gerald; "to-morrow I purpose to take the field, but first I must dispose of this presumptuous boy, this son of Glanville—where is he, Connel?"

In the dungeon beneath the black tower where Conrad died."

Gerald appeared agitated—"What, that fatal name again?" "Pardon me, my Lord, I meant no harm—you are strangely altered, you was not so when—"

"Cease,"

"Cease," said the gloomy chief; "you know me not. This night that boy shall die. Dost thou know me now? How am I altered?"

"Thou art once more thyself," said the fiend; "once more I recognize my master."

"Then hear me, Connel: at the midnight hour, when all are hushed to rest, come to my chamber, and I'll accompany you;—be prudent."

"And what of that slave his servant?"

"He is with him."

"That was ill-judged," said Gerald; "we must separate them."

"Better make one work of it, my Lord. Dead men can tell no tales."

"*Dead men tell tales,*" replied a hollow voice.

Gerald turned pale, and trembled; Connel started at the sound; but suddenly recovering himself, with an affected smile, said he, "It was but the echo of my voice; the walls of this castle often return a hollow sound, which may startle the superstitious or the coward, but which the brave must smile at."

Gerald, who scorned to be thought inferior to any person in courage, summoned up a laughing grin in his murky countenance; and bidding Connel not forget the appointed hour, retired to his apartment.

apartment. Mean time the unhappy heir of Glanville, and his honest domestic, were indulging melancholy reflections on the past, or anticipating the evils of the future; for, immured as they were in total darkness, not a hope of escape remained with them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

"——— From the cliff
The sea-bird screams, while the half-shrouded moon
Throws its dim light upon the world below."

ALLAN arose with the first blushes of the morning; the clouds in the east began to assume their crimson livery; and the stream beside the antique Castle having swollen above its osiery banks, inundated all the level valley. Allan had an earnest desire to visit the ruins, in consequence of the poem which he had read the preceding evening; but deferred his intention on account of the flood, which rendered it almost impracticable.

ticable. Early as he had arisen, yet his venerable host had got the start of him: he was just then returned, wet with the dew, and deposited a bundle of herbs (which he had collected from among the rocks) before the fire. He saluted the young exile with his accustomed suavity, and inquired with friendly solicitude respecting his health. He was answered with respect and gratitude; and, after a little conversation, issued forth again to collect some fuel. Allan perceived his intention, and was determined to partake of his labour: having, therefore, permitted the recluse to get to a little distance, he went forth and rambled among the cliffs, which were, in general, extremely dangerous and slippery, from the effects of the rain which fell on the preceding night. He, however,

ever, was fortunate enough to collect a considerable faggot of roots and branches of the wild ash, which formed a tuft on the lofty summit, and which had been blown down by the storm. On his return he found the old man arranging his little bundle, and who seemed gratified with the voluntary services of his guest. "You are determined, I perceive," said he, "not to be an inactive inmate of my cell; but this is a labour I impose upon myself: it is necessary to support the rules of that austerity to which I have devoted myself. Though I am pleased with your attention, permit me, in future, to decline such services."

Allan bowed; but observed that his stay should then be very short, as he could never think of living an idle dependant

pendant on the painful labours of an old and enfeebled man.

"You are right, my son, and I applaud your noble sentiments; it would not be my wish to see you in so degraded a situation; but, at present, your case is quite dissimilar; you are but a casual visitor, and any interference of yours (however well intended) in my little domestic arrangements, would but interrupt that plan which I find necessary to my peace of mind, and to which I have resolved most strictly to conform. Besides," continued the hermit, "it is far from my wish that you should devote much of your time to the society of an unfortunate recluse, or confine your views of early life to a solitary cell. I have not been idle respecting you: I am interested

interested in your fate, and, for your sake, have once more entered into a sort of connexion with the world; in short, I have dispatched a peasant from the neighbouring hamlet, (who sometimes visits me for herbs, and whom I accidentally met among the rocks,) on a mission which, if I mistake not, most nearly concerns you; mean time I have to request that you remain here, and endeavour to amuse your mind until you know the issue."

Allan acknowledged his obligations to the venerable man; and though he could not form a conjecture respecting the nature of this mission, yet he thought it a respect due to his host to be silent on the subject, leaving the management to superior.

perior wisdom, and the *eclaircissement* to time.

Their little banquet was now spread; some dried fruits and warm goat's milk contented the frugal pair: it was a silent repast, each being deeply occupied with his respective ideas, until the recluse arose, and issued from the hermitage, while Allan resumed the old manuscript. He turned over a few leaves, and the following lines to Despair attracted his attention:

TO DESPAIR.

Yes, I will climb yon cliff's stupendous height;
And while the sweeping surge, with fruitless force,
Lashes the rocky barriers loud and hoarse,
I'll watch the sober Eve, 'till dismal Night
Spreads her dark-textur'd veil before my sight,
With

With forms of wild dismay, and fright enwove:
Whilst all along the bleak resounding shore,
The ship-wreck'd sailor's angry spirits rove,
And all their flattering blasted hopes deplore.
Lo, where Despair and Horror's anguish'd crew,
Crowd in wild visions my distracted view!
I love the prospect; for my heart can taste
Of pleasure now no more; the wintry waste
Of disappointed joys absorbs my soul.
O reach the poniard—bring the poison'd bowl!
That to yon pensive throng my ghost might go,
And swell along the beach the murm'ring strain of woe.

On reading these lines, the mind of Allan became much agitated. "Unfortunate recluse," said he, "in what colours, and how justly, have you pourtrayed that melancholy affection of the mind! but your spirit is now among the *pensive throng*, enjoying the sad luxury you so much desired; whilst I, cut off from every hope that nestled in my

breast, am doomed to exist the heir of wretchedness, the outcast of society; yet why thus live despised and spurned at? The poniard or the poisoned bowl would soon ease me of this fever of the brain, and place me on a proud eminence, where I could smile with pity on the unavailing malice of my enemies." Then, with self-conviction, he suddenly exclaimed, "Presumptuous mortal, dare not to arraign the orders of Omniscience, so far beyond thy ken; nor dare to meet the looks of an offended Deity, fresh from the unnatural slaughter of thyself. Seek not to fly from the terrors of a cowardly apprehension, to those evils with which you are not conversant; to horrors from which there is no escape; to judgment from which there is no appeal!"

Such

Such were the conclusions which he drew from his calmer reflections; and, with such sentiments, submitting all to an all-wise and protecting Providence, he issued from the hermitage and wandered among the rocks, until he inadvertently struck into a narrow path, by following of which, after many serpentine mazes, and with some degree of difficulty, he attained to that object which he before attempted in vain—the summit of the rocks, and a view of the Atlantic, which beat against the base of the immense pile.

Allan, who had not often an opportunity of contemplating that wonderful object, the sea, stood awhile in awful amazement, and then raised his eyes to heaven with emotions of adoration to that

that *Power* whose being is eternal, whose nature is incomprehensible, and whose will omnipotent. He then pursued his course, which now was a descent, until he reached the base of the mountain, and wandered along the pebbled shore, indulging a train of philosophic reflections, and unobservant of approaching night, which may render his return to the hermitage attended with difficulty and danger.

The mists were now collecting on the bosom of the deep; and, as he cast his eyes through them on the departing sun, it seemed enveloped in a fiery vapour; the object was new to him, and exceedingly grand in his estimation: the heaving bosom of the ocean; the murmur of the shore; the shrill screaming of the

curlew; and the delving flights of sea-gulls, as their glossy plumage reflected the burnished glow of the departing sun; all formed a scene calculated to impart the most exquisite pleasure to the romantic mind of the young wanderer. He still loitered along the shore, until the sun, at length, sunk beneath the verge of the horison, and seemed to be extinguished in the vast reservoir which apparently received it. Darkness now succeeded; and Allan, as he wandered along, could only distinguish the waves by the corruscations of light which still played upon their summits. At length he was awoke to a sense of his danger and imprudence. "I was cautioned," said he, "not to venture too far; and surely my venerable host had good reasons for doing so, otherwise he would not

not have urged it." He now perceived that any attempt to return to the hermitage at that hour, and in total darkness, over such a chain of truly horrific rocks, chasms, and declivities, would be more than madness. He therefore resolved to take his station in one of those caverns with which the rocky coast abounded, and patiently await the dawn of morn to return to the hermitage.

He had now taken his station, and was listening to the murmurs of the deep, as the waves gently broke upon the pebbled shore, or, splashing, retired into the bosom of the ocean: thus occupied, his mind was in some measure relieved from that unceasing anxiety which had so much of late depressed it.

In contemplating the wonder-striking works of the Creator, his mind was insensibly led to a consideration of that Almighty Power which drew them out of nothing, and prescribed to each element, and every part, its proper bound and station. And the more he considered the stupendous fabric, the more was he convinced that the Power which thus arranged it was as much the source of liberality and mercy as of wisdom, each part being so peculiarly constructed for the comfort of the creatures which inhabited it, and the whole so admirably calculated for the use and convenience of man. From these reflections he drew this conclusion: that, notwithstanding the vain murmurs and repinings of mankind, "Whatever is, is right."

The

The moon now rose with silent dignity, and shed its silvery stream of light on the wide bosom of the ocean; the grey clifts upreared their sullen forms; and the white clouds, as they sailed before the gentle gale, dappled the blue expanse, and cast a shifting and uncertain shade on all sublunary objects. Allan was extremely intent on the contemplation of the scene, when a sudden noise in the water attracted his attention: at first he imagined it was some aquatic animal, sporting in his proper element; but the sounds becoming more clear and regular, as the cause of them seemed to approach, at length he could distinguish the strokes of the oar, and, in a little time, the voices of the rowers. The barge now drew nigh, and before he could form a conjecture on the subject,

he perceived about a dozen fellows jump out, and immediately hawl the boat on the dry land. They next unloaded their cargo, which consisted of various heavy packages, and some live cattle, which they conducted towards the cavern where he had retired. Allan was at a loss what conduct to pursue, so as to avoid observation: if he issued from his retreat, he could not possibly escape notice, as the moon shed a light but little inferior to that of day; and if he retired further into the recess, he was apprehensive that he might be running into the danger he was studious to avoid, as, by all appearance, it was the receptacle of their plunder, as well as their den of retirement. While he was thus deliberating, they had approached to the mouth of the cavern; he had no longer a choice,

a choice, but retired with precipitation into the gloomy recess, and having got to a distance which precluded observation, he halted, and attentively listened to their proceedings. He perceived that they stood still at the entrance of the cavern, and was in hopes that they had no design of proceeding further, but had selected that spot for the purpose of dividing their booty, (for as midnight plunderers he could only consider them,) and then dispersing each to his own habitation in the neighbouring mountains. He had scarcely formed this surmise, when the shrill blast of a rude horn made the rocks re-echo, whilst he started at the sound—another blast succeeded, and a third, with additional notes, reverberated along the hollow chambers of the earth. He had

not

not a doubt this was meant as a signal for some of the banditti, which had kept watch at home: a few moments were sufficient to confirm him in this opinion; for he soon heard the noise of approaching steps, and a light advancing from the utmost recess. He knew not now which course to pursue: if he attempted to gain the entrance, he was sure to fall into the hands of those without; and equal danger attended him if he turned towards those within: he saw it was impossible to escape, and he submitted to his fate. The light now approached, which he perceived to issue from six tapers, held by so many ill-looking wretches, who seemed to be the inhabitants of the infernal world. He was immediately discovered; a cry of "A spy! we are betrayed!" burst upon his

his ear; and before he could recover from the confusion which it occasioned, he found himself rudely collared and surrounded by numbers: he now attempted to speak and declare his innocence; it was preaching to the winds, and his words were drowned in tumultuous vociferations of "A spy, a spy! hang him, throw him into the sea!" with every epithet of vindictive reproach: and the sentence would soon have been carried into execution, but for the interposition of one who seemed of superior rank, and at whose approach silence and respect succeeded to tumult and disorder. He looked at Allan with an eye of fixed attention, which was followed by evident agitation: "Young man," (he faultering said,) "what brought you here?" Allan replied, "Accident

"Accident alone was my conductor; I am a wretched youth, exiled from those scenes in which my heart delighted, and driven a friendless and a houseless being on the world: I ask not for my life, it is of little value; but first let me assure you, that I wandered here a stranger to the place, with no intent of evil: I wished not to disturb your peace, or pry into your secrets; but, being benighted, took shelter from the damps of the silent hours, until the morning sun should re-light me to an hermitage, from whence I strayed."

"It is all a *sham!*" exclaimed one of the banditti: "he is a spy, let us put him to death!"

"Peace,

"Peace, insolent slave!" said their chief, whilst indignation flashed from his eyes;—"how darest thou dictate to my resolves?" Then, with a look of kindness which inspired confidence, he addressed the unhappy wanderer. "Follow me, young man, I'll consider thy defence, mean time rest assured of my protection." Allan obeyed, and was conducted through various chambers of the earth, until he reached a spacious apartment, fitted out with a considerable degree of convenience, and even some share of elegance; on entering which, he found himself attended by the chief of the banditti, the rest of the gang having filed off by passages to the right and left of the apartment. His conductor having seated himself on a rich couch of velvet, beckoned our adven-

turer to approach him; and taking him by the hand, placed him at his side. "Young stranger," he then addressed him, "I wonder not at your apparent reluctance to approach a person whom you thus discover buried in the entrails of the earth; and whom, from the mystery which surrounds him, and the society which attends him, you must naturally consider as the common enemy of mankind.—But," added he, after a pause, "I trust, before we part, your mind shall be impressed with other sentiments."

Allan assured him that he already considered him as his protector, the preserver of his existence.

"I do

"I do believe thee," was the reply.—"I credit all your story; *I know* it to be true."

Allan gazed on him with a look of astonishment, mingled with enquiry:—and could not restrain exclaiming, "And dost thou know me?"

The mysterious stranger, with apparent uneasiness, corrected himself, by saying—"I know from your ingenuous looks you speak the truth."

The young exile bowed, and muttered to himself, "Fool that I was to think that he could know me!"

The chief now pointed to another couch most exquisitely ornamented; observing,

observing, that the night was nearly expired, and that weary nature required repose. "There you may rest with confidence," he added; "here you are safe from all intrusion, as well as secure from every danger." Allan retired to his couch; and the stranger extending himself on that which he already occupied, they were both in a little time enchained in the silken texture of the slumbering deity.

END OF VOL. II.

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